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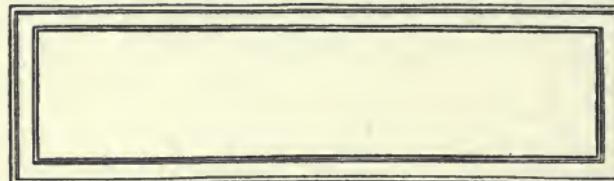
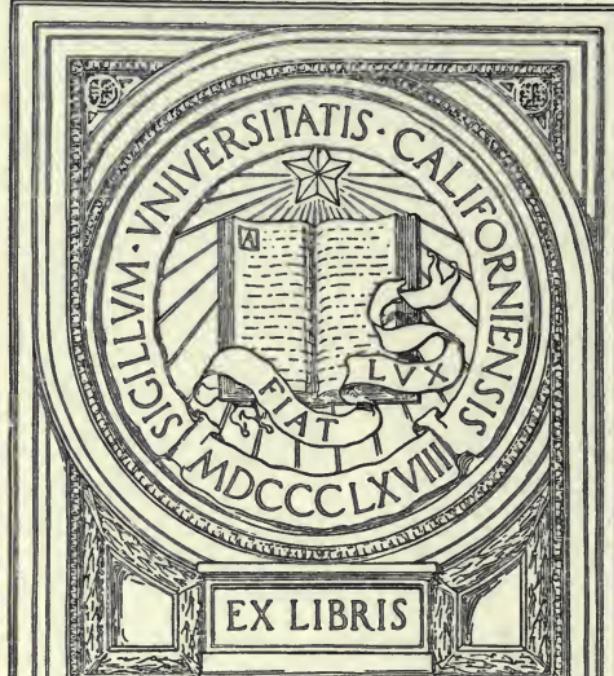


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GIFT OF
A. F. Morrison



JOSEPH HUTCHINSON



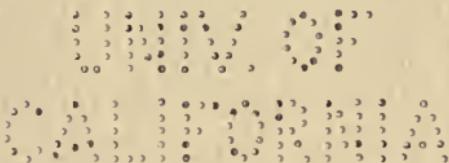
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JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

A MEMORIAL

ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 26, 1910

BY THE
UNITARIAN CLUB OF CALIFORNIA



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GIFT OF
A.F. MORRISON

1980

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

In the death of its president, Joseph Hutchinson, the Unitarian Club sustains a loss that it keenly feels. His deep interest in its welfare was shown by most assiduous efforts for the success of the meetings during his two terms of leadership. It was no easy task to sustain the high traditions of the club and to hold to the standard steadily maintained during these many years, and no sacrifice was too great, no expense of time or money worth considering, if he could succeed in his efforts. No results can measure endeavor. The many disappointments and failures to secure speakers sought, leave no mark and are unregistered, save in the regrets of those who strive in vain, but Mr. Hutchinson's persistence and determined will overcame difficulties, and many memor-

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able meetings were added to the fair record of the Club.

Joseph Hutchinson was an unusual man, gifted in many ways, and of great capacity for service. Bearing uncomplainingly a physical infirmity that made draughts upon his strength and equanimity little suspected, by dint of a fine mind and a strong will he compassed a conspicuous success in his profession, lived a happy and exemplary domestic life, and bore a full part in public affairs, effectively promoting clean polities, social welfare, morality, and reasonable religion. He was a natural leader of men and a tireless worker. Whatever organization he shared in found him among its most active members, and that from no desire to be at the front or to attract attention; his interest prompted activity, and his ability resulted in unsought prominence. In the Commonwealth Club he was the member of his section best fitted to report on the direct

primary and on methods of taxation. He was well-read on every subject, a thorough student whose opinions were formed on searching analysis and candid, judicial consideration, and the conclusions he reached were always clearly and forcibly expressed.

If in the Chit Chat Club he was to write an essay, he prepared in a manner impossible to most members. His interest in his selected subject was boundless. When he was to write on Mazzini he not only read practically all he had written, but all that had been written of him, and then sought further the true Mazzini atmosphere by making a pilgrimage to the land in which he lived and visiting the tomb in which he rested.—with a resulting monograph widely and warmly commended by those best qualified to appreciate.

With a clear, active and versatile mind, and an intense interest in all things human, Mr. Hutchinson had a

true sense of humor. He readily saw the ridiculous side of a thing and had a gift of putting it tellingly. He was sometimes satirical and always witty. We all recall his felicity in presiding at a meeting and his happy introduction of men and subjects. Occasionally he seemed somewhat regardless of results. He was daring, but he was unconscious of offense and would not knowingly wound the feelings of another. He had a vein of critical judgment and was not apt to withhold an unfavorable opinion which he entertained. In his earlier life he was inclined to be severe and to have little generosity of judgment, but he mellowed with age and grew more kindly. His very early youth was rigidly restrained. His grandfather was an austere Quaker, who, when he heard the boy whistle, would say: "Joseph, will thee never be serious?" We who knew him as a young man thought him quite sufficiently serious. He seemed burdened with

a heavy sense of responsibility; there was an absence of joy in his religious life, and he was almost morbidly conscientious, but larger experience and ripened judgment brought a sunnier, happier frame of mind. He grew more lenient and trustful. When I found that as superintendent of a Presbyterian Sunday-school at Palo Alto he was using a Unitarian song book, because he liked the tunes and found the words more in accord with his taste and convictions, I felt he was gaining in humanity what he was losing in strict orthodoxy.

He found himself at home in this club, and while not by profession a Unitarian, he was in sympathy with all that at its best Unitarianism stands for. When asked to be the president of the club, he wrote: "If the club can stand a renegade Presbyterian, and an unsound Congregationalist, I am willing to accept." He became a true religious liberal, appreciating the good in many varying

forms, and harboring no narrow prejudices. His friends were of every shade of belief and doubt, from Catholicism to agnosticism.

His domestic life was truly happy. He was proud and fond of his high-minded father. For his sister and his brothers his affection was very great, and for his wife and his children his love and care were boundless. Family loyalty was strong, and his home was always first in his thoughts.

Joseph Hutchinson was a loyal friend. As with hooks of steel he held to those who won his esteem and regard. His college class loyally followed his leadership, and at its last reunion he was called to preside at the dinner and lead them in pleasant paths of old memories and the sharing of life experiences.

He appreciated the best of everything —good literature, good music, the beauty of nature, and the companionship of congenial friends. He was fond of travel,

and had seen many lands. He enjoyed much and let the world know it; his suffering he kept to himself. In spite of much that must have tried him, he was uniformly cheerful. Earnest and of a serious purpose in life, his manner was gracious and friendly.

His assiduity was boundless and the sum of all he did will never be told. Without a doubt, he bore more than anyone knew, and accomplished a very great deal. His services were of a kind that tell in the general result, but are not to be tabulated in figures. He was always ready to do his part with unstinted generosity. The last professional work done by Mr. Hutchinson was in connection with the charitable work of a church in Palo Alto—a gratuitous contribution.

Never robust, it is matter of wonder that for so many years he could have done so much, and that the time should come when the silver chord should be

loosed and the golden bowl be broken is not just cause for surprise.

He leaves a large, vacant place in the activities of the community and in the hearts of those who knew his worth and loved him.

In testimony of our sincere respect for his memory and of our deep sympathy with those near and dear to him, I move a standing vote and a moment of silence,—a hale and farewell to one who suffered silently and lived truly,—a brave, upright, helpful, and lovable man.

CHARLES A. MURDOCK.

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